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Good evening, everybody.

Just for a change I think I'll start out tonight by doing a little of what the politicians call "viewing the alarm". It's about business conditions, and it's Colonel Robbins, a prominent 7 insurance executive and former Assistant 8 Secretary of War, who sounds the warning note.

According to the Associated Press, Colonel Robbins thinks there is grave danger that business conditions will improve too much and too quick.

Box don't cheer too loudly, 15 Colonel says we are in immediate peril of a business boom that will come too big and too fast.

That sounds like another signal 19 for us to cheer, But the Colonel thin that if American business makes too 21 sensational a recovery, we may forget 22 the lessons we are supposed to have 23 learned during the depression, and that too big a boom might be followed by 25 another depression.

Well, I guess most of us are brave, stout-hearted folks and the Colonel can't frighten us by telling us that things are improving too rapidly.

Huh uh - not me!

12-1-30-5M

Now for a Washington item. The House of Representatives by a large majority, today decided against the proposal to contribute fifteen million dollars toward buying food for the people who are in need in the sections of the Middlewest that were hit by the drought last year.

President Hoover had asked for forty-five militons to be loaned to the farmers in those parts so they could buy seed and implements for next year's harvest. Then the Senate voted to add fifteen million dollars to buy food for those farmers.

The President was against the idea of the federal government giving money for food, and now the House of Representatives has come forth and supported Mr. Hoover.

According to the International News Service the vote was 215 to 143.

Meanwhile the President has issued a call for Red Cross aid to be given to those same people who would have benefited by the fifteen million dollar appropriation if it had gone

through.

The Associated Press states that the President today asked for a minimum of ten million dollars for the relief of the drought sufferers who are in immediate need.

In other words, the President's idea is not to have the government give food directly come to the aid of sufferers but to have this done by private aid.

EMERICA Charity through the agency of the Red Cross.

IMMIGRATION

Some interesting facts have been brought to light by the Department of Immigration at Washington. They show that recently fewer immigrants than ever have been coming into the country.

For example, the total for last November was only about half the total for November, 1929. Most of our recent immigrants have been Italians, and next were the Germans. The biggest decrease in immigration during the past year has been among people from Great Britain. British immigration to this country has shown a drop of 76%. Now that's interesting.

We used to get more men than women. But now most of our immigrants are women. Three-fourths of them, according to an article in the New York Sun, come to this country to join relatives.

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I wish I could stop here and give you an imitation of a peal of loud laughter, I heard over the telephone this afternoon. It was my old friend, Count von Luckner, the Sea Devil. Well, I scarcely expected to hear the Count laughing so hale and hearty, although of course he is the laughing kind. He has just come to town after a bad automobile accident out in the Middle West, shoulder broken in several places. He s still got it in a heavy plaster cast, and in fact he wouldn't be in New York at all if the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad hadn't given his private car to be used as a railroad ambulance for the Count

Anyway, the Sea Devil was there on the phone, laughing, and it all simmered down to the fact that he was picking my News Item of the Day for me.

"There's nothing in this world," he roared, "like charity and a big heart.

By Joe! There's nothing so wonderful as a feeling for your fellow man."

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And then he referred me to an 2 Associated Press dispatch. which is in the evening papers today. Here's the story, and to begin it with a few choice and improving reflections: --

Works of mercy are a noble thing, and there's nothing so inspiring as people who are engaged in a rivalry of doing good deads.

Well, Down in Mexico City they have two organizations of mercy, the Red Cross and a similar institution called the White Cross. Each has an ambulance which goes out and rescues the sick and the injured. And there's a noble rivalry of doing good deeds between those two ambulances, In fact, that rivalry is so intense that each ambulance is determined to outdo the other on every occasion.

If anyone is hurt, both of those ambulances go after him. They race with each other. At times they collide -- some times with each other, sometimes with other buildings, or trees. The spirit of buildings, or trees,

charity is so strong between those two ambulance outfits that they injure more people than they help, so the dispatch says.

They started out to pick up a man who had a few minor scratches, and on the dash to the scene one ambulance didn't get out of the way of the other and they had a collision. Three doctors who were riding inside were injured and had to have medical attention.

On another occasion the two ambulances were going to a fire where some people had been injured. They arrived at the same time, and the ambulance drivers were so eager to do a good deed that they had a fight. They beat each other up so badly they had to be taken to the hospital in their own ambulances.

This generous and chivalrous rivalry has become so touching that the police have had to interfere. The cops of Mexico City have ordered those ambulance men to stop being far fo full of noble zeal and to stop injuring themselves and other people in their enthusiasm.

As the jolly old Sea Devil put it: "By Joe, those ambulance shipmates had better watch their navigation from now on."

I know you'il think I'm going to tell you an old story now. It is an old story, but there are some new things about it.

Remember that mystery fog in Belgium -- that blinding, terrifying mist that swept down the Meuse Valley and killed almost a hundred people?

It dropped out of the papers after a few sensational days, but meanwhile the scientists have been trying to find out the secret of that fog. And they put together some interesting facts.

Well, where would you expect to find those facts? Why of course in the Literary Digest. Yes, an article in this week's Digest prints some exceedingly interesting information that has been provided by the United States Weather Bureau.

The first point is that the Belgian mystery fog is by no means the first on record. They've had dense clouds of deadly mist in the Meuse Valley before. In 1897 they had a fog very much like that recent one. And it affected people with what physicians called "fog asthma". And then they had similar fogs in 1902 and 1911.

Also, in 1901 they had a fog in England that caused an

DIGEST - FOG - 2

epidemic and illness and death.

But there's one fact brought out in that Digest article which is the strangest of all and provokes my curiosity the most. It's about the pogonip. What is a pogonip? It's a peculiar kind of fog common in certain valleys of the Rocky Mountains, and is said to have deadly effect on all who breathe it. It has long been a weird mystery, a strange legend. People have told about it, but a lot of folks didn't believe them -- the scientists, for instance. They thought that fantastic, deadly fog called the pogonip must be just another of those tall tales by told by prospectors. They never investigated the stories. But now, after the worls wide sensation made by the mystery fog in Belgium, a good deal more attention is being paid to the mysterious pogonip of the valleys of the Rockies.

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That cheery and harmonious news about India, which I mentioned last night, seems not quite so cheery and harmonieus this evening.

The British government is offering a kind of Dominion status to India which would put India practically on the same footing as Canada and Australia and the other British dominions.

And now, according to the Associated Press, crops up the old and troublesome problem of the Mohammedans in India. They're a powerful minority and they're always having trouble with the Hindus. And it is the Indian Mohammedans who object to the Dominion status offered by the British government. Their 17 spokesman at the Round Table Conference 18 states that they will not accept it before the Hindus and the Moslems get together and the Moslems are guaranteed their rights.

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In these nightly rambles along the trail of the news

I have never gone in for movie criticism, but here's the opening

of a big talkie picture that deserves a line.

It's called "How he lied to her husband", and it was written by George Bernard Shaw. It was Shaw's first try at writing talking pictures, in fact the first time he'd had anything to do with the movies at all. It opened in London last night and the Associated Press informs us that it was just another flop. The critics gave it an awful razzing. They said it was melancholy, dull, stagey, disappointing, tedious and lifeless. And that's plenty for even critics to say.

Well, I suppose that Shaw talkie will be put on over in this country pretty soon, and I for one am going to take a look at it just to see if anything by George Bernard Shaw can be as bad as all that.

The United Press carries a picturesque story from Africa, a story in which appear romantic names like Zanzibar, Senegal, and the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, and Timbuctoo.

The dispatch tells us that camels in Africa will have to hunt for another job. Why? Because automobiles are taking the place of camels. Last year the U.S.A. exported eleven million dollars worth of cars to Africa. So it looks as though Detroit had the poor camel on the run.

The same thing is happening in Mongolia, Turkistan, the Sind Desert of India, and in Arabia.

During the World War, Colonel Lawrence introduced the first automobiles that his army of Arabs had ever seen; sometimes Lawrence drove around in a motor truck. On one such occasion he was accompanied by a picturesque Arab chief named Motlog Ibn Jemiaan.

Motlog sat on top of a lot of sacks in back as the truck

went careening wildly across the desert. In rounding a turn poor

Motlog was thrown off into the sand right on his ear. Lawrence

stopped the car and ran back to apologize. But before he could do so

the old sheik ruefully shook his head and said:

"Please don't be angry with me. I may know how to ride the camel that Allah gave to the Bedouin, but I haven't learned to ride this strange camel that runs on wheels and roars like the thunders of the Prophet.

From over in the black republic of Liberia comes a voice saying--yes, you're right. We'll do it, slavery is a bad thing.

They have slavery in Liberia, and the League of Nations, which is out to suppress slavery told the Liberian government that it ought to do something, and went on to outline a few things which could be done to suppress human bondage in the black republic.

And now, the Associated Press informs us, the Liberian government has notified the League of Nations that it accepts in principals the recommendations made by the League.

From far off Japan comes a touching story a happy ending.

Mizue Hiasa, says the Associated Press, walked two hundred miles with his four year old son on his back. He walked all the way to Tokyo looking for work.

A newspaper published his picture and his brother's employer gave him a job.

pung The past few weeks I've been passing on to you dog stories, and cat stories, and mosquito stories, and in fact all sorts of stories which radio listeners have sent in. To me Some were just plain "whoppers" and some, although marvelous, were true. Any way, it's about time to have a fish story. So here

10 Editor of the Augusta (Ga.) Herald. With.

"My father-in-law, "Some months ago
a confirmed fisherman, "Some months ago
he was fishing for trout in a stream
near Augusta. Tired of casting and
thirsty, he knelt down on a rock at a
sand bar and proceeded to drink from the
creek. A big trout that had refused to
strike his bait saw the tip of his nose
in the shallow water, and thinking it a
fine morsel, flung the full strength of
its 8 or 10 pounds at the proboscis.

"The contact between fish and bone threw the trout into the air and it fell square upon the back of Mr. Recycle head,

ducking his face clear into the water. He fell back on the sand dazed and with a mighty sore nose. The trout flopped about in the shallow water, apparently stunned too, and then www swam away."

Editor Owens ends by saying that this fish story no doubt sounds like a "whopper", but that his father-in-law is ready to make an affidavit that it's true, every word of it.

So there you are.

Right here I want to rise to enter a nomination. Here's my candidate for the prize that ought to be given to the <u>crimeless city</u>. It's the town Barrow, way up there on the edge of the Arctic Sea, on the northern coast of Alaska. In taot, Barrow nominates

According to the United Press

claims it hasn't had a crime in
twenty-five years. The population
consists of 300 Eskimos and one white
man, a trader, a famous northern
character who has lived there since 1880.

The Eskimos of that locality are mild and peaceful and they don't commit crimes. And so, if any of you are looking for a crimeless town you'll find it up there on the shores of the Arctic Ocean where the eerie Northern Lights dance and flash across the Polar Sky.

Well, Point Barrow is the last stop north on the mainland of toward the Fole North America. When you mush, morth with

your dog team and when you get to Point
Barrow you come to the end of continental
North America. — the jumping of f place.

Point Barrow also marks the end of this evening's journey along the trail of the news, my evening's jumping eff place, until we all rally round again in the old igloo for our next session. In the meantime look out for that a polar bear, and Solong until tomorrow.

14-1-30-5M